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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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PUCK.

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Puck this week consists of

20 PAGES.

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns, which obliges us to add a supplement of

4 PAGES,

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

On or about July 1st, 1880, will be published

PUCK ON WHEELS!

The price will be Twenty-Five cents.

CONTENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
Mr. Bradlaugh and the British House of Commons.
PUCKERINGS.
V. Hugo Dusenbury.
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CXXXII.
Opera di Camera Obscura—Arthur Lot.
Poodle Babies—illus.
A Romance in Forty Legs—illus.
The Englishman's Creed.
Rhymes of the Day.
An Ideal Convention at Newport.

After Their Dirty Work—illus.
A Model Editorial.
Shakespeare Studies—John Albro.
Ye Philosophic Cooke (poem).
Some Private Amusements on the Fourth of July.
The Theatres.
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
A. D. T.
On the Coney Island Boat—illus.
Tilden's Letter of Acceptance of the Situation.
Literary Notes.
An Explanation Wanted.
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PUCK did it.
With his diminutive tomahawk.
If there is any credit in nominating a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, PUCK wishes that credit all to himself.

He was the first—not, indeed, to suggest Hancock for the candidacy; the General himself anticipated us there—but to call attention to the existence of his boom.

It was then a very, very small tea-party boom; but Puck's argus eye took it in, and proclaimed it, thus: "It seems that a small and strictly private boom is being organized for General Hancock as a presidential candidate; and we have been formally requested to give General Hancock a good notice. We are very obliging people and take pleasure in complying; but all we remember about the subject at present is that he was a rebel general and signed the Declaration of Independence. If these facts are not straight, we shall be pleased to supply others." This was published on the 17th of last December. We added that in the event of his candidature, at that time highly improbable, we should discuss General Hancock's claims to the serious consideration of the voting public. The time has come. The Democratic Convention, true to its traditions, has blundered even in its efforts to blunder, and has set before the country what no one can deny is a strong ticket—the strongest ticket the Democratic Party has made up in twenty years.

Whether it is strong enough to carry the Democratic Party into office remains to be seen. There is this very obvious thing to be said in its favor, that it is a clean ticket. It is

headed with an honorable name. The meanest partisan sheet can find nothing to say against the personal character of General Hancock. The said sheet, of course, would like well to find something of the sort. But it is practically impossible. Even the most industrious mud-hunt will probably fail to bring to light a hidden murder or a long-concealed "crooked" financial operation. Our own vague recollections as to the Candidate's antecedents, as stated above, turn out to have been erroneous; though that is but a trifling matter, for General Hancock might better have been a Rebel Brigadier or be a decrepit relic of the Declaration days than have a record of Crédit-Mobilier foulness, or walk a road paved with bad intentions. We only wish, indeed, that we could have published, two weeks ago, as a delicate compliment to General Garfield, such a cartoon as now ornaments our front page.

But while Hancock's nomination is a strangely wise piece of work for a Democratic Convention, it should not be suffered to blind our eyes to the broader issues of the campaign. It is not our business to elect a "nice man" to the Presidential chair. Mere personal excellence is not all that is necessary to rule a nation in accordance with the will of the majority of its people. Many an excellent man might administer the government upon principles which he honestly believed sound and proper, and which the sense of the country would promptly condemn.

We value highly personal integrity in a public officer. It is a guarantee that he will perform his duty faithfully, according to his lights. But it does not guarantee that he knows what his duty is. It does not guarantee the possession of good sense or political wisdom. We want some assurance that the man we elect will exercise his powers of office according to certain principles. Important as may be the question of his individual honesty, we must first know what his opinions are. And there may be times when it would be better to choose even a dishonored man whom we can trust to hold firmly to the ideas wherein the nation puts its faith, rather than one of unimpeachable private character who is the dupe of a foolish or a wicked policy.

This is an unpleasant thing to say; but it is true and right. In times of national peril, principles are overmastering powers, that mould men to be mere instruments of their need. Such was the case twenty years ago, when many a thief and ruffian did his fair share in upholding the Union. The virtuous part of the populace could not have done the work alone; indeed, thousands of honest men conscientiously tried to ruin the country. We have just passed—or scarcely passed—through a less notable, yet serious crisis—the fight of honest money against worthless paper. The Democrats came near wrecking us financially by their alliance with their mad conspirators of the Greenback Party. The Republicans stood firmly in the breach, and saved the day. Should such a crisis occur again, it would be a thousand times better for us to have Garfield, with his unfortunate and, no doubt, bitterly repented past, in the Presidential chair—better a thousand times than to have there the best and purest man in a party that we have already learned to distrust. But of this we shall learn more later in the campaign. We shall find out whether a smirched personal record is worse than a party record of weakness and corruption. We shall see which contestant, now that the battle is fairly begun, can give the soundest pledges for the future. And when we do see, we shall proclaim our discoveries with no uncertain voice.

Mr. John Kelly has never been behindhand in claiming an enormous amount of political influence for himself and that unique body of shady alleged Democrats who bear allegiance to Tammany Hall; but nothing can equal Mr. Kelly's frigid assurance in claiming that the nomination of Hancock and the retirement of Mr. Tilden were brought about by him. If the statement were not ridiculous, it would be impudent; but as it is, every sensible man can afford to laugh at it. It probably amuses Mr. Kelly very much to labor under the delusion that he is such an important factor in the government of this State and country, and we have no wish to interfere with his recreation, for it is the inherent right of every man to enjoy himself; but if the delusion had only the slightest foundation in fact, it would be more pleasing for everybody concerned.

Mr. Kelly and the gentlemen who accompanied him to Cincinnati had no more to do with nominating General Hancock than with nominating Mr. Garfield. The Tammany delegation was snubbed in every possible way. It was not admitted, it was not acknowledged, it was scarcely heard, and when it was heard we don't think it had much to crow about. The whole Democratic party, as represented by its regular delegates, looked upon the Kelly mob with undisguised contempt. And yet for all this Mr. Kelly waves his hat and cheers and speechifies, and his followers wave their hats and cheer and speechify, over the result of the labors of the Convention, as if they had the slightest share in it. Mr. Kelly calls it a great victory, and remarks, triumphantly: "See, alone I did it." Mr. Kelly is not of sufficient importance for anybody to take the trouble to "disillusionise" him; for he showed distinctly in the last election in this State that, although a professed Democrat, he was more ready to hurrah and vote for a Republican Governor than for the nominee of his own party.

This is the dull season for business, pleasure—and even religion. Some of the better class of temples of worship have shut up in order to give the reverend gentlemen in charge of our souls a chance to take a little recreation in Europe. But there are many other tabernacles and churches open all the year round, which are more or less patronized by unfashionable denominations. The pastors of these establishments feel very sore at the studied neglect they experience from their flocks, who, in the summer, are frequently guilty of the reprehensible practice of going to the seashore on Sunday in pursuit of health and enjoyment. Yet pure balmy air is a more comfortable thing to breathe than the vitiated atmosphere of any church, chapel, or tabernacle. Happiness is a religion in itself. A small child on the sea-shore, digging in the sand and exposing its poor little wizened city-bred legs to the wholesome breeze, is a diminutive gospel of health and innocence. A dinner under the broad verandah roof of a Coney Island hotel, or a homely feast out of a picnic basket, spread and eaten on the golden sands, does more to tone up a man's stomach and moral system for the coming week than a dreary, commonplace sermon on "The Origin of the Sandemanian Spirit in Religion." But it is the Lord's Day, is it? Nay, it is Man's—in the truest sense of possession—his to make the most and best of, for his Rest, his Health, his Self-Improvement and, not least by any means, his Amusement. And if the preachments be absolutely necessary, and the flocks won't come to the ministers, let the ministers go to their flocks. On the sea-shore they will find them and their families, inhaling the pure oxygen of heaven—and the ministers themselves will be none the worse for it.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE Conservative Party of England is called the Stupid Party, and never has it better earned its title to this distinction than in its ill-advised opposition to the admission of the member for Northampton, Charles Bradlaugh.

Mr. Bradlaugh is not a man after our own heart. He professes opinions which are offensive to many who do not attach much importance to any variety of the prevailing faith of the day.

He has attacked the family tie and the institution of marriage—things which are sacred even to semi-civilized man, and older than any religion, Christianity included.

He has advocated "Free Love" and other abominations, and, therefore, we have no desire to see any such man a member of a legislative body in an enlightened country such as England is supposed to be.

But whatever Mr. Bradlaugh's opinions may be he has his rights as an Englishman, and, above all, as the chosen representative in the British Parliament of the electors of Northampton.

Mr. Bradlaugh refused, in the first instance, to take the usual oaths before taking his seat in the House. Perhaps he was conscientious in his refusal; but this is his private business and was of ours or other people's.

Sufficient that, after a satisfactory report of a select committee, some thick-headed, ignorant countryman, who is branded a duke, or a lord-mayor, or a baronet, or with some other of those funny and meaningless titles which so delight the English upper and middle-class snob, carried a motion that Mr. Bradlaugh be neither allowed to take the oath nor affirm. The result was that Mr. Bradlaugh, to force things to an issue, very properly claimed his right to sit, and was afterwards, by order of the Speaker, imprisoned for refusing to comply with the resolution of the Commons.

With the exception of a few religious fanatical Liberals, the majority of the supporters of the resolution of the thick-headed countryman were of the same bucolic class.

Now, if their childish and ignorant action would really have the effect of unseating Mr. Bradlaugh there would be some sense in it, but as the matter stands, Mr. Bradlaugh, in the end, must be permitted to take his seat.

He is said to be what is inappropriately and conventionally termed an Atheist, and, therefore, unfit to legislate for an alleged Christian country.

What sublime nonsense is this! We don't believe that three fourths of the ignorant men who voted against him—except the fact of their being born Christians—are any more Christians in a true Christian sense than is Mr. Bradlaugh himself.

He is opposed to the monarchy. Well? Suppose he is. As a representative of the people it is his duty to do his best to advocate the best and most inexpensive form of Government.

Great Britain and its people were surely not constructed for the especial behoof of Mrs. Victoria or any member of the charming Brunswick family to get board, lodging and washing for nothing.

Her ancestors got there by accident, and it will be a happy accident when some of her posterity get notice to quit. The money paid to keep them in idleness could be used to much better purpose.

But this Conservative party, that has written itself down an ass, and is responsible for this Bradlaugh business, will never acquire any sense.

Like the Bourbons, it learns nothing—it forgets nothing.

It revels in false and vulgar pride. It is, in the strongest Thackerayan sense, snobbish.

It has opposed everything that would be likely to ameliorate the condition of people, or prove beneficial to the country.

It wouldn't have railways—locomotives would be revolutionary—and yet England is now a network of lines.

It set itself against the admirable system of local police as it at present exists in England, professing itself satisfied with the "Old Charley" watchmen.

It has involved Great Britain in useless wars.

It has steadily refused to allow classes other than its own to be represented in Parliament, which, until very recently, has always been practically under its control.

How it gnashed its teeth when the first English Reform Bill was forced from it by the election of new peers, to form a majority to make it law!

With such a record as this, it is not a matter of surprise that the Conservative party should have distinguished itself in opposing Mr. Bradlaugh's right to admission. But, as history shows in every other case, it will have to give way sooner or later.

Its opposition will simply add to its discomfiture, to which condition it must be pretty well seasoned by this time.

We should not be astonished in the least, within very a few months, at the spectacle of the rabidest blue-blooded and fire-eating Church and State Conservative proposing in an eloquent aw aw speech that Mr. Bradlaugh is entitled, by all the traditions of the Conservative party, to take his seat in the House of Commons, and accusing the Liberals of bigotry and injustice.

VASSAR'S VACATION VACUUM.

Amelia's pa to Vassar hies

To learn how his Amelia rates;

He thinks her boastful letter lies—

That she purloins those "sevens" of Fate's.

The teachers there ameliorate

His doubts, and when he takes her back,

At dinner his Amelia ate

A meal your tramp could scarcely pack.

SLOWCUS.

SOUNDS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Oh, list to the sounds of the night that from far
Are fitfully blown on the breeze:

There's the note of a fifteenth amendment guitar,
And the rustle of leaves in the trees.

A hand-organ wails through its quavering reeds
A wofully obsolete song:

And the splutter of fire-crackers briefly precedes
The clang of the ambulance gong.

V. H. D.

VERY FRESH FROM THE LAND OF PUNCH.

NEW YORK,
June 29th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I see on Barclay Street the sign, "Dental Parlor." Does that mean the Doctor's Drawing Room?

A RECENTLY-LANDED ENGLISHMAN.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Puckings.

"WHO BREAKS pays"—but not always the Bank Director.

I WOULD rather be wrong than be President.
—J. A. Garfield.

CASHIER HEDDEN, of Newark, is Cashier Hidden in Europe.

PEEKSKILL MIGHT, with due propriety, change its name to Trampskill.

LOW BRIDGE for Canal Boatman Garfield—The De Golyer Causeway.

AH, TILDEN, ye divil, it's happy Oi am we're miserable together.—J. Kelly.

MR. JAMES A. GARFIELD is what Mr. Prince Bismarck would call "a gentlemen of the pavement."

THERE are two Generals in the field; but Hancock's sabre is the gorier, and his record the cleaner.

THERE is one good thing about this campaign. There will be nobody to raise the No Military Despotism howl.

ANYONE WHO knows how to freeze up a candidate and thaw him out again after four years has a fortune within his grasp.

SAMUEL may now hang his bar'l on the boughs of the philamagoozleum tree, and sit him down by the waters of Salt River and weep.

YOU ARE not of the old straight Bourbon line—You're not, in fine
The Democratic candidate we've been useter, General Hanrooster.

WE ARE sorry for Bayard. He has, as his biographer remarks, a "heart of gold;" but it was the least suspicion of a bit of copper about his head, away back in '60, that killed him for a candidate.

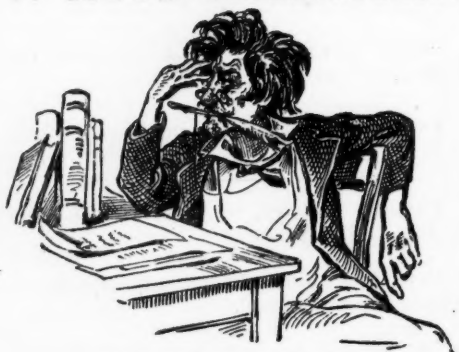
LOST, at Cincinnati, O., on June 23d, a Fraud Issue, old and somewhat worn. Of no value except to the owner. Any person finding it will be liberally rewarded. Address S. J. T., Gramercy Park.

SEA GIRT, New Jersey, has not been burnt—at least, so Mr. L. U. Maltby, the proprietor of the Beach House writes us, and he ought to know. We are sorry to have been so conflagratory on insufficient grounds.

NOW THAT it is all done, we don't mind saying that the candidates we had really set our heart on were Grant and Tilden. They caricature better than the present pair, and their records lend themselves more readily to vituperation.

MR. JOHN KELLY's position is much like that of the estimable gentleman who said to his dog: "Go under the table." The dog walked in and chewed up the gentleman. Some time after, while the surgeon was cauterizing the wounds, the dog went under the table, for a bit of a nap. Then the estimable gentleman sat up and said: "Look at that 'ere dog—see how he obeys me!"

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS SUMMERING.

HOBOKEN, N. J.,
June 28th, 1880. }

ED. PUCK—Dear Sir:

I inclose you what I consider, myself, a rather neat performance. I will let you have it, however, at the usual rates. Please address as per poem.

Yours very truly,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
P. P.

CHANGE.

When the bow of the year to the utmost is bent,
And the shaft of Time lingers a space ere 'tis sent

Winging down the long distance of Summer's decay,

And evanishing in mists of the Autumn away:
When the various phenomena of nature reveal
Themselves in a style best described in "Lucile;"

And indicate clearly the First of July
And the time of green peaches are both drawing nigh—

Then the noise of the city, the heat of the town,
On the true poet's genius play it low down.
The late fruit-vender's yelp, like a mercantile owl,

Knocks a sonnet at every separate howl:
The sound that comes up from the rumbling "L" Road

Is the death of how many an inchoate ode!
By my sixth story window, at fall of the dews,
The Hunter's Point perfume quite stifles my Muse:

And when odors more searching of cabbage commingle,
The disgusted young female refuses to jingle.

There are moments, of course, when the burden of life

Is heavy upon us. The flight of a wife—
A fall in the mercury—a cold in the head—
Or the cholera, perhaps, and we wish we were dead;

These moments are sad; but the poet knows one
More terribly tragic, when all's said and done—
An infliction of Fate there is no way to shirk—
'Tis the agonized hour when the Muse will not work.

For it means, when she strikes, a dead stoppage
of beer;

And end, for the present, of nicotine cheer;
A cessation of dinners, and sleep in the dark
On a bench of the nearest accessible park.
Yet that moment must come, if the Muse is confined

Too long in a place uncongenial, unkind:
She pines for the generous country, the skies
Bright and blue; for the myriad odors that rise
From the "flowerful closes," the meadows of clover,

And from various different sources moreover;

She longs to behold fairer waters than smile
And the end of the street around Blackwell's
near isle.

So I fly with my Muse to the South and the West,
And she casts off the languor by which she's opprest;

And she buckles to work, and the frenzy divine
Is frequent and steady, of quality fine.

O Holy Hoboken! the Muse's dear home!
Like a waif from the city-tide's turbulent foam,
I am thrown on thy shores; on thy bosom I fall:
And until on my palate thy lager shall pall,
Thou shalt be my address. And I hereby beg leave

To announce to the world: I am ready to heave
The sigh of true sentiment, or to upraise
The wail of wild wrath, or the pæan of praise,
Or any description of orders to take
For poesy of my own popular make.
With the confidence born of experience awaits
The Only Cash Poet.

P. S.—Send for rates.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

NEW YORK, }
June 29th, 1880. }

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, ESQ.—Dear Sir:

We will insert your 81-line poetical advertisement, announcing your change of address, for \$30.37½, for which we shall debit your ¼¢.

Very truly yours,

PUBLISHERS PUCK.

HOBOKEN, N. J., }
June 29th, 1880. }

PUBLISHERS OF PUCK—Dear Sirs:

Beneath the grinding tooth of Trade

The poet writhes, a victim weak,

His finer feelings torn and flayed,

And bruised his spirit weak.

Of Life's dark cup he drains the lees—

But mark you this, triumphant Shop!

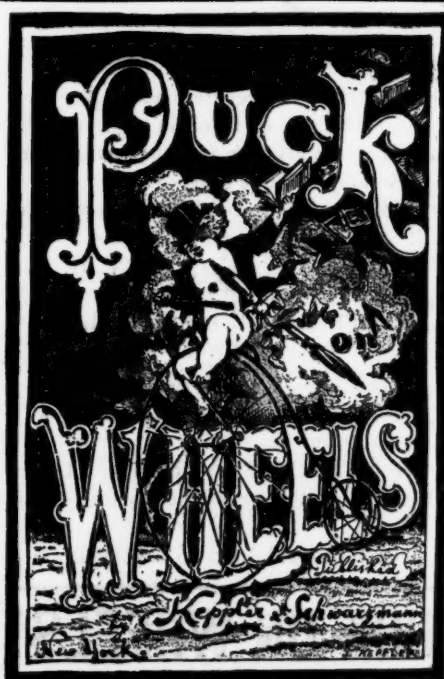
In the eternal verities

The Poet will come out top.

This faintly expresses my feelings.

Yours very truly,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.



FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXXXII.

AMERICAN HEIRESSSES AND ENGLISH ARISTOCRATS.



Ya-as, the othah day I weceived a verwy curvius let-tah fwom a fellah in England whom I know tolerwably well. He's a young-ah son of the Duke Narwowscwap, and my folks have known the family for centurwies. It was nevah particu-

larly wich, but it is quite wespectable enough, and, perwhaps, by having had some illustwious ancestahs, has a little to be pwoud of.

But my corwespondent has an extwemely limited allowance faw a man of his tastes, and beyond his me-ah courtesy-title of Lord, and knowing everwybody worth knowing, and being able to go everwywhere, he can nevah, undah ordinarwy circumstances, become verwy pwos-perwous.

Of course this fellah heard of my marwying in this countwy, and naturwally concluded that I had succeeded in securwing some gweat Amerwican heirwess.

Now, as I nevah had any twouble myself with pecuniarwy mattahs, it was of course a mattah of perfect indifferwence to me whether my wife had any pwoperty or not.

I believe she has aw some, but 'pon my soul, ye know, I haven't the wometest ide-ah how much it is, or in what it consists. I have nevah asked her—too much of a baw.

Aftah I had wead the aw lettah I handed it to my wife to perwuse, and it seemed to amuse her gweatly.

My fwiend, it appe-ahs, had witten to me to twy to pwocure an Amerwican wife faw him with a considerwable fortune, and he would make her a aw Lady by weason of his courtesy-title of Lord, which aw, ye see, is not herweditary. Childwen weap no benefit whatevah fwom this merely, as it were, temporwary wank of their parwents.

Of course neither Jack Carnegie nor I would have anything to do with such a aw-wathah disweputable business; but I am sorwy to say that there are severw of my countwymen in a good set who have made themselves widiculous by wanderwing arwound this countwy with the expwess object of discoverwing a wich cweachah faw a wife, entirely wegardless of weal affection.

They have fwewquently succeeded, but I don't know whethah the aw conduct of the woman or man in such cases is the maw wewpewehensible.

She would be undah the impwession that her marwriage would enable her to effect an entwance into verwy fine Bwitish society; and he doesn't care faw anything else but the aw dollahs, and wathah looks down upon his wife, who has usually had her bwain turned by the bwiliant scenes fwom aristocwatic life pictured in English novels.

I think it dweadfully mean and contemptible faw any fellah, I don't care how gwand a family he may belong to, to send emissarwies ovah he-ah to discovah the orwigin and the amount of pwoperty of some Amerwican gyurl he has met in Eurwope with a view to con-trawcting a marwriage if everwything was satisfactorwy, and, if it is not just coolly throwwing her ovah.

The gyurl may be bad and ill-bwed enough to be willing to humiliate and sell herself in this mannah to an arwistocwatic paupah, but the fellah is a horwid wetched cad, whethah he's a duke, pwince, or an Emperwah aw.

OPERA DI CAMERA OBSCURA.

A REALISTIC DRAMA.

ACT I.

WHITE LIES.

THEY had been married fourteen months. The honeymoon had passed away; the dew was no longer on the rose; the blush had faded from the peach; the bloom had vanished from the grapes—in short, Augustus Ballantine had woken from his dream of bliss, and had discovered that his fair, his adorable Clorinda was remarkably like other women and uncommonly commonplace. Clorinda had probably never had any such dreams; to her Augustus had always been commonplace, and had differed from other men only in being spoony on her.

Augustus had reached the point where too much of the society of his Clorinda had become an affliction; he had almost come to the determination that he would join a club or the masons; in other words, he sighed for some of the joys of ante-nuptial life. It must not be understood that Augustus was at all inclined to be naughty; but he was convinced that variety was the spice of life, and that too much of a good thing was good for nothing.

It was on a beautiful July morning that Augustus and Clorinda were standing at their front door; he was about to start for his office. He pressed a fond parting kiss on Clorinda's lips, and started down the steps. Suddenly he halted.

"By the way, darling," said he, "I may be detained at the office a little later than usual; so don't wait for me, if I am not home at dinner time."

"Oh Augustus!" she murmured.

"Can't help it, my dear," explained he hastily. "It's Brazilian mail night."

"Come as soon as you can then, Gussy dear," said she.

He kissed his hand to her, hurried down the steps, and then winked his left optic very gravely.

ACT II.

HE TAKES A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEA.

'Twas false! 'Twas not so! 'Twas not thus as he had explained it to Clorinda! Ah, that men should be so false and women should be so credulous! Let us unmask the wretch.

On the preceding day Augustus had met Miss Flora Matsys, a young lady from the rural regions who, when he was a bachelor, had almost won his heart, and of whom Clorinda was insanely jealous. She had explained to him that she had come to New York with her father, and had been seeing the sights.

"And isn't it too bad?" she gushed. "I do so want to go to Coney Island some afternoon, and I had arranged to go to-morrow afternoon with papa, and now some horrid business will prevent him from taking me."

"That is too bad," said he, sympathetically.

"And I've never been there, and I do so want to see the place," murmured she.

Now there's something too awfully attractive about a girl with a little pout on her lips and a look of longing out of her eyes, for any man to keep his faculties entirely under control, and, before he knew what he was saying, Augustus remarked:

"Why, I'll run down with you. The after-

noons are long, and I'll be able to bring you home before dark."

"Oh, thank you," she gushed, "but your wife?"

"Oh, she won't mind," said Augustus complacently.

Such was the business which was to keep that deceitful man at his place of business a little later than usual. His Brazilian mail was not Brazilian, and was not a male.

Quite early in the afternoon Adolphus and Miss Flora embarked on a steamboat and sailed out on the briny deep to the great pier, where they disembarked, and then they roamed along the sands by the sad, sad sea.

ACT III.

NEMESIS.

Somehow our peccadilloes do find us out. You may go to a menagerie and punch one of the monkeys with a stick; the event passes out of your mind; but years afterwards, when you are engaged in exploring the interior of Africa, a coconut thrown by a baboon hits you on the head. You do not connect that accident with your visit to the menagerie—and yet, who knows—who can say? The ways of fate are

recognize the individuals pictured on the table, if you happen to know the originals.

Clorinda and her friend entered that building. Scene after scene was placed before them, without the usual "Oh's!" "Isn't it charming!" and "Isn't it too awfully lovely?" Suddenly a scene was placed before them. Like a flash Clorinda's eyes opened, and her face grew stern. She gazed eagerly upon the scene, taking in its every detail.

This is what she saw:

Augustus and Miss Flora, having grown tired of strolling, had sat down on a settee where they could watch the ocean. Of course he had any number of interesting things to say to her. What wonder then if, engrossed in conversation, his arm slipped down so that it encircled Miss Flora's waist? What wonder if, in the eagerness of conversation, he leaned so close to Flora that a distant observer might have imagined that his lips were touching her cheek?

The scene was not a charming one for a wife to behold, but Clorinda watched it eagerly. Then she turned to the exhibitor.

"What place is that?" she asked, pointing to the scene pictured on the table.

"That, madame," said he, "is directly in front of the Brighton Beach hotel."

Clorinda rushed out with her friend.

They hurried over to the stage, entered it, and were driven rapidly to Brighton Beach.

ACT V.

THE CATASTROPHE.

It was almost even-tide. The sun was slowly sinking in the West; the moon was rising in the East; the waters of the ocean were rolling up upon the beach, breaking into foam and stealing swiftly back; the air was cool and balmy; all nature in fact was teaching man the great moral lesson, that the things to be most desired are sweetness and light. Still Adolphus and Miss Flora sat there on the beach, still his arm just touched her waist, still he poured gentle words in her ear—and yet—

"Mr. Ballantine!" said Mrs.

Clorinda, sternly, as she stepped before them.

"The devil!" ejaculated Augustus, as he sprang to his feet.

"No sir! Your wife!" added she.

"Yes—precisely—that is—" remarked he, rather confusedly.

"Come home with me, sir!" said she.

"But," said he, "I brought Miss Flora Matsys here, and I really must, you know, escort her home again."

"That's your Brazilian mail, is it?" asked Clorinda, sarcastically. "It looks more like a brazen female. Take me home, sir!"

"But my dear," expostulated Augustus.

"Go with her," said Miss Despard, who, fortunately, was a friend of Miss Matsys. "I'll see that Flora gets back to New York."

Augustus looked at Miss Flora, but that young lady was in convulsions of laughter, which were only prevented from becoming shouts of laughter by reason of the fact that Miss Flora had stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth.

With a sad and mournful look Augustus sneaked away, and journeyed homeward with Clorinda. He often wondered afterwards who could have betrayed him, but he never thought of the Camera Obscura. ARTHUR LOT.

POODLE BABIES.



OWING TO THE SCARCITY OF REAL BABIES UP THE AVENUE, WE OFFER THE ABOVE AS A SUGGESTION.

inscrutable! You may pay your lead ten-cent piece to the apple-woman; for months you may eschew fruit; then, in a moment of forgetfulness, you will buy an apple, and she will return your lead dime to you.

That very afternoon Matilda Despard, the bosom friend of Clorinda, called at the Ballantine mansion, and, as Augustus would not be home to dinner, Clorinda and her friend resolved to run down to Coney Island for an afternoon's trip.

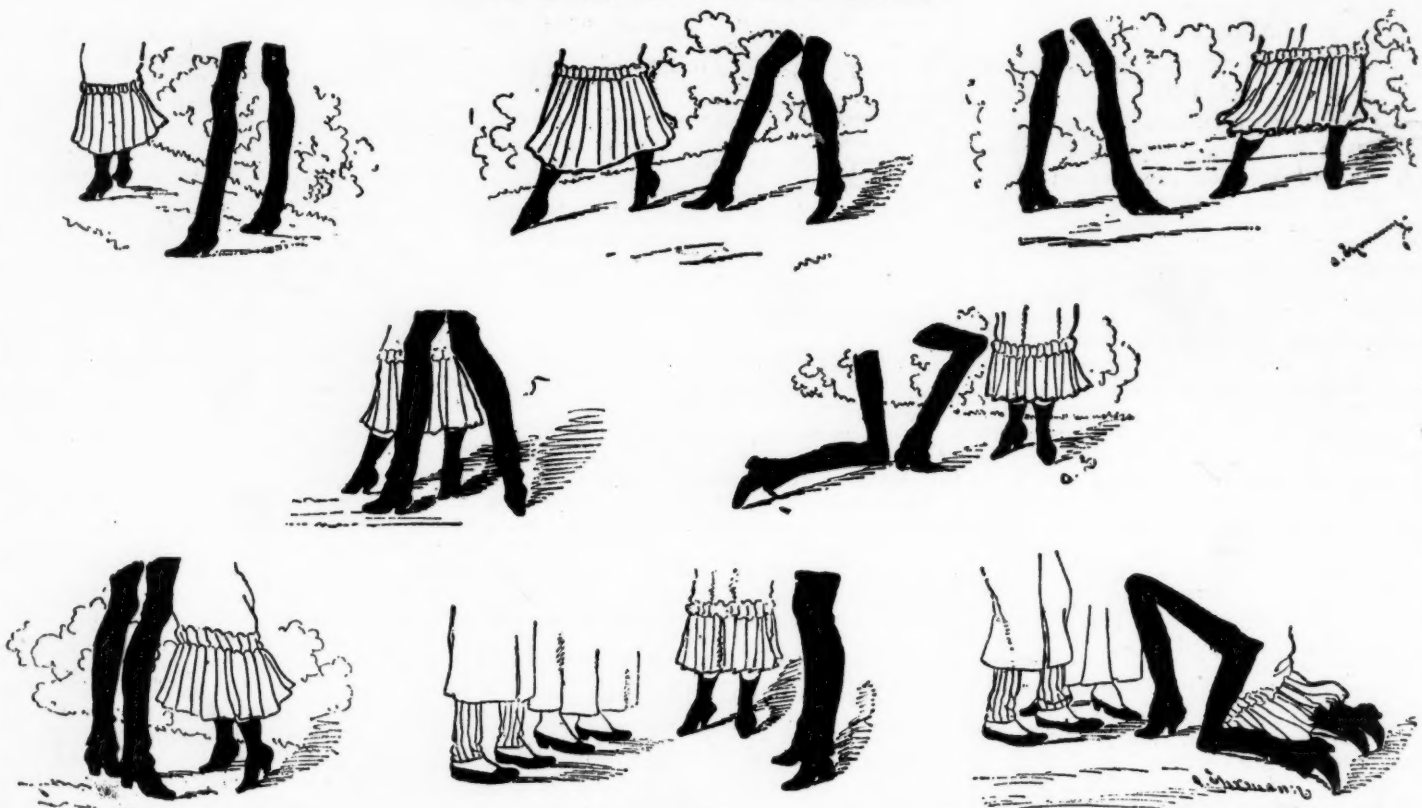
They too embarked on a boat that sailed to the great pier, just half an hour later than the one on which had embarked Augustus and Miss Flora; they too sailed out on the briny deep; they too landed on the pier, and they too strolled upon the sands.

ACT IV.

WHAT THE CAMERA REVEALED.

Most people know that, not very far from the pier, there stands upon the sands of Coney Island a small, modest looking building, which is called the 'Camera Obscura.' To the uninitiated it may be proper to explain that, by some magic process, there can be thrown upon a table in that building a view of any part of the island, so exactly reproduced that you can

A ROMANCE IN FORTY LEGS.



THE ENGLISHMAN'S CREED.

IT is a very awkward thing to disagree with an Englishman. He never admits the assumption that you may be right; and he rarely fails to point out to you that you are either an ignoramus or an abandoned falsifier.

Then you draw your pistol, which all Americans, of course, carry conveniently in the hip-pocket; and then he tells you that the civilized world regards you as a barbarian.

All this is unpleasant. It never occurs with people of other nationalities. If a Frenchman does not like your views, he changes the subject. If you traverse a German's opinions, he gravely argues it out. If two Americans can't hit it off, they take a drink.

But with an Englishman you have either got to be sat upon, or murder your interlocutor. There is no other way out of the matter, if a disagreement once arises.

The only way is to avoid expressing your views on any subject upon which a native of 'Aughty Halbion has made up his mind. As an Englishman usually has the law and logic of the universe all cut and dried, this is rather difficult; but we have tried to draw up a small CREDO

which may guide the innocent native safely through the dangers of an international chat.

ARTICLE I.—I believe that England is not simply the greatest; but the only nation upon earth. All others are feeble imitations, except those of antiquity, which were dead failures.

II.—I believe that London is the only city in the world fit to live in. Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg are all very well; but foreign, dear boy, dreadfully foreign.

III.—I believe that Brussels Sprouts and Broccoli are superior to any American vegetables. Have heard of Green Corn, Sweet Potatoes, etc.; but fancy they must be horrid.

IV.—I believe that Ice-Water is an invention of the devil. Waters should always be drunk tepid.

V.—I believe that a pith helmet is the only proper hat for summer wear; and that it is much improved by the addition of a puggaree.

VI.—I believe that British Art is the only art worthy of the name; that Kaulbach, Gérôme, Meissonnier, Fortuny, Diaz and all the rest of those foreigners are charlatans and incompetents beside Millais, Holman Hunt, Sir Frederick Leighton and Frith; that Seymour Haden and P. G. Hamerton know more about etching than any men who ever lived or ever will live; that the Albert Memorial is the most wonderful creation of architecture the world has ever known; that Tenniel is the greatest cartoonist humanity is capable of producing; and that Marcus Ward's Christmas cards are awfully clever.

VII.—I believe that no decent man ought to travel twenty miles without a sitz-bath and a large hat-box.

VIII.—I believe that the London *Times* is the greatest paper in the world, that the late *Pall Mall Gazette* was the best; that *Punch* is funny; and that the Americans have no newspapers.

IX.—I believe that a man ought to wear rings all over his fingers; and that the proper dress for a gentleman to assume when he is invited to dinner in a foreign country is a light coat and trousers of varying patterns but equally well-defined checks; and that this is quite good enough for barbarians.

X.—I believe that all people are barbarians who live outside of England or Her Majesty's dependencies.

XI.—I believe that it is grammatical to say "like I did," "different to," that *without* and *unless* are interchangeable; and that *directly* and *as soon as* are precisely the same in sense.

XII.—I believe that it is always right to make my likes and dislikes clearly understood, and require strangers to subscribe to them; also that it is quite the proper thing to run down and abuse the customs of any foreign country in which I may chance to be; and that it would be derogatory to my dignity as a free British subject to do otherwise.

By agreeing with the Casual Briton upon these points, or at least steering quite clear of them, it is possible to get along without finding out that you are a knave or a fool.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

SLOW vs. FAST.

A most fastidious man was he;
Whenever he got tight,
He'd fly a trifle to the left,
Then slow down to the right;
He'd jam against a hitching-post,
And eke against a tree,
And bark his nose—in fact, a most
Fast-stiddy-us man was he.

SUMMARY JOKES.

The sage of Canada, whose trade is weather traffic,
Revenge has taken most summery,
In spite of our base flummery;
Reminding one of jesters paragraphic,
Who for all wrongs take some merry revenge.

A TROY BUDGE HIT.

There's a paper which is called the *Troy Budget*,
And with many a poke the paragraphers nudge it;
In wild efforts to be funny,
They will ask you sweet as honey:
"Have you seen the dewy rose of Troy bud yet?"
E. W.

A SUMMER RESORT.

A place where women folks can stay
Within a rocking-chair all day,
On a piazza cool and wide,
With fan and novel at their side,
Except when each must leave her seat
To dress, or sleep, or dance, or eat.

A. L.

A SIGN OF THE SEASON.

Like lilies on the summer pond,
Upborne by shadowy waves below;
Like breasts of angels, seen beyond
The cloud-field's evanescent snow.
Like white-caps where a ship has plowed
Its lonely course for many a mile—
So o'er the darkness of the crowd
Pale gleams the Peeler's summer tile.

A. H. O.

AN IDEAL CONVENTION AT NEWPORT.

DIGNITY AND DECORUM.

STANDARD OF ETIQUETTE.

EXCESS OF REFINEMENT.

KID GLOVES AND SILK SOCKS.

POLO AND COACHING ISSUES.

THE GREAT INDEPENDENT PARTY.

Its Nominations for President and
Vice-President.

De Lancey Kane and James Gordon Bennett.

Puck's Special Utopian Report.

ALL FOR TEN CENTS.

THERE can be no longer any doubt of the existence in the country of a party as powerful as the Democratic and Republican organizations.

We do not reckon the Greenbackers, because they command but few votes, and the Convention recently held by them was little better than a farce, for in its wildest moments it could never have dreamt that its proceedings or nominations would receive any recognition from the great body of the people.

Very different was the character of the Convention of the Great Independent Party recently held at Newport.

The Great Independent Party must prove a formidable rival to the Democratic and Republican parties, for it numbers amongst its members the most refined, the most intellectual, the most fashionable of the citizens of the United States.

What better proof could we have of this than holding its

CONVENTION AT NEWPORT

and putting forth such a ticket as De Lancey Kane for President, and James Gordon Bennett for Vice-President?

It is obvious that this ticket is much stronger than Garfield and Arthur, or the Democratic one which has so recently surprised the country.

A new party was wanted. The old parties have had their day. And the Great Independent party has come to the front at the nick of time.

A temporary building was erected on the polo grounds at Newport, and the delegates assembled there at 10 o'clock on Monday morning.

The most remarkable feature of the affair was the costume of the delegates.

Every man was in faultless evening dress, and carried in his hand a crush hat. And, as if to give an extra touch of refinement to the scene, each delegate wore a jacqueminot rosebud in his button-hole.

Nobody smoked, and, of course, chewing was quite out of the question.

To look at the assemblage from the galleries one would never have thought that this body of quiet gentlemen had assembled there peacefully to nominate a President and a Vice-President of the United States.

THE NEW YORK POLO DELEGATION

had, during the morning, a private meeting, and had decided to cast the solid vote of the delegation for James Gordon Bennett, but

doubts were expressed in many quarters as to whether other delegates could be induced to support Bennett for President.

These doubts, it will be seen, were confirmed by the subsequent nomination of De Lancey Kane for President, and Bennett for Vice-President.

The F. F. V. Virginia contingent and the Knickerbockers of New York were the first to arrive. It had been circulated privately that these Knickerbockers were very well disposed to De Lancey Kane on account of his firm and unwavering Tally-ho Coach policy.

Many shrewd and far-seeing politicians likewise looked upon De Lancey Kane as an excellent dark horse.

The interior of the building was decorated with appropriate matter. In the centre of the hall was suspended a blue canvas with the words—

"Polo Makes a Nation Great!"

Over the East gallery was a large banner with the inscription—

"Welcome, ye Knickerbockers—Blood Will Tell!"

Also several smaller banners, on which was painted

"Four-in-Hand can Keep All in Hand!"

"Coaching is the Life of the Republic!"

"Dance the German, and get the German Vote!"

"Snobbery, Vulgarity, Cheek, and Dollars!"

"Great Families Should Rule Great Countries!"

Prayer having been duly offered, Delegate Van Marketgardener called the Convention to order. The delegates came to order with the precision of troops, the click of the innumerable crush hats sounding as one.

A Chairman having been elected in the person of Mr. August Belmont, who has very properly deserted the Democratic party, and the roll of States having been called, and other preliminary business settled,

MR. BELMONT

welcomed the delegates and said that this was indeed a Convention of which the people of the United States might be proud. He had once belonged to the Democratic party, but now, he was happy to say, he bore allegiance to it no longer. He could not stand the manner in which it conducted its proceedings; it hurt his (Mr. Belmont's) aristocratic, not to say high-toned feelings.

A handsome Texan delegate here asked the Chairman if it was the correct thing to carry a pistol with a dress-coat. He had just discovered that he had such a weapon with him.

Mr. Belmont said if the delegate would undertake not to use it, he need not retire, and continued his remarks. The time had arrived, he went on to say, to elect a President and a Vice-President that really represented the rank, the wealth, the tone, the coaching, the polo and the racing of the community. The other parties had never given the slightest consideration to these all-important matters, but the Great Independent Party would make them paramount. He would not advise the Convention to lose much time in discussing mere trivialities. Delegates were here for a very simple purpose—to nominate a Chief Magistrate. Let there be no wrangling about the admission or non-admission of delegates. Let there be no questioning as to the genuineness of credentials. He could see at a glance that all the members of this assemblage understood one another fully, and that they had more sentiments and feelings in common than would be possible in any other political Convention.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

With these remarks, he would leave the result in their hands.

The platform was now read, which was simply a repetition of Mr. Belmont's speech.

DELEGATE WM. M. EVARTS,

of New York, rose and said that he wished to propose Mr. Samuel Ward as President of the United States. He was not particularly well acquainted with Mr. Ward's polo and coaching policy, but he could speak with the strongest approval of his dinner and champagne policy [loud cheers], and he might even add, his supper policy. He admitted the necessity of having a man at the head of affairs whose ideas on polo, racing and coaching were sound; but a thorough appreciation of wine and dinner was also a *sine qua non* in a man who was to be the standard-bearer of the Great Independent Party. No man fulfilled such conditions better than Mr. Samuel Ward.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT NOMINATED.

Mr. Cyrus André Field had great pleasure in proposing a gentleman as president, whom he was quite sure would meet with universal approval and, what is more, could carry with consummate ease the great State of New York. He meant Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *Herald*. He was a man who was the embodiment of all the planks in the platform. The prince of diners and winners, a king of polo, and an emperor of coaching. Mr. Bennett was too well known to need any greater eulogium from him (Mr. Field), and he therefore confidently left his name in the hands of the Convention.

(Immense cheering).

MR. PIERRE LORRILARD'S REMARKS.

I shall not detain you long, gentlemen, but while I approve of much that has been said by the previous speakers and think that both the eminent gentlemen who have been proposed would make eminently desirable presidents, I yet am of opinion that a man who is an undoubted authority on coaching—for we must have a strong coaching policy—is the man to get the nomination. Such a gentleman is COLONEL DE LANCEY KANE (wild applause). Colonel Kane was born a coachman, will live a coachman, and die a coachman. Look at the personal sacrifices he has made in order to carry out his convictions. Did he not drive a coach daily for a miserable two dollars a passenger, and only one way at that? If this country was to maintain its position among the nations of the earth, coaching must be first, last and everything, and the man to secure this for us was Colonel De Lancey Kane, the accomplished whip and four-in-hand driver.

I will not dwell on his other virtues for he has many, but I will venture to say that there is no man in this country, at least, who can dance the German with more ease and grace, and I would add more often, at short intervals. Colonel De Lancey Kane must be our president. (Loud and long continued cheering).

THE BALLOTING

then began, and after six ballots, 397 votes being necessary to a choice, resulted as follows:—

De Lancey Kane	405
Samuel Ward	117
James Gordon Bennett	1

James Gordon Bennett was afterwards nominated for Vice-President, and so the ticket stands:

GREAT INDEPENDENT PARTY, REGULAR NOMINATION.

For President:

COLONEL DE LANCEY KANE.

For Vice-President:

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

AFTER THEIR DIRTY WORK.



A SUGGESTION TO MESSRS. CONKLING, BELKNAP, LOGAN, CAMERON, ROBESON, MURPHY AND WILLIAMS.

A MODEL EDITORIAL.

ADAPTED FOR YOUNG DEMOCRATIC OR REPUBLICAN JOURNALISTS.

A WRITER on the editorial staff of a party paper is often at a loss to know in what way to attack a prominent man who may have been nominated for an important office by the opposing party. We have given the subject much consideration, and, for the benefit of young journalists, subjoin a model article with explanatory notes, which can be used against a Republican or a Democratic candidate, as circumstances may require.

We will suppose the object of attack to be the nominee for President; the article must be headed—

OUGHT THIS MAN TO BE ELECTED?

And if the candidate is a General of Democratic proclivities, and the writer is an ardent Republican, the article should begin thus:

"We want no more shoulder-straps. The country has been ridden over rough-shod long enough by military men without principle, without honor, without brains—men destitute of everything which goes towards making a patriot. And it is a man belonging to this class that the miserable Bourbons known as Democrats [if it is a Democratic paper, change to detestable Black Republicans] have nominated for the exalted position.

We want no Caesarism, we want no warriors in the Presidential chair, much less a Democratic [or Republican] soldier. But if we must have a man who follows this profession he must be a Republican [or Democrat].

It has been stated by partisan journalists that General ***** fought in the War. Suppose he did—what then? His heart was never

really in the struggle. If the South [North] had [not] succeeded he would [not] have been for the Confederacy [Union]; as his subsequent political career has shown.

The people are no longer to be bamboozled by the declarations of any such candidate as this.

The country has tried the Democratic [Republican] party long enough. It has been found wanting in every particular.

The old issues are [not] dead, and they must [not] be revived.

Then let us take a look at his personal character, and ask honest Republicans [Democrats] if such a man is fit to be the successor of Washington, Madison and Adams. We boldly answer: No!

We could fill volumes with particulars of the unsavory record of this shameless man.

He forged when he was a mere youth. He committed arson on his wedding-day. He was a notorious burglar when he entered the army. He stole provisions and supplies while in the field, and converted the proceeds to his own use. He admits having committed two cold-blooded murders, and having had a hand in another. He is also a blasphemer, and puts his knife in his mouth when he eats.

And this is the man that the Democratic [Republican] party has nominated for the Presidency of the United States!"

On or about July 1st, will be published

PUCK ON WHEELS!

which will be the handsomest, best and brightest summer book ever issued.

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET—ACT V.

He compares the unknowable future to a rocky shore and himself to a bark and continues to pilot on in this nautically metaphorical style.—[Sc. 3.]

THE affectionate watch seems to possess a general attachment for all hands.—[Sc. 3.]

FRIAR LAURENCE, the priest, was quite a palmer. The officers "took a spade from him" under suspicious circumstances.—[Sc. 3.]

THE prince was somewhat severe because he got up s'early.—Sc. 3.

CONSIDERATIONS arising from the fact that Shakspeare is now dead prompt me to favorable notice of his work, yet it is but fair to state that he wrote R. and J. in a very different style from that in which I should have done it. *Juliet*, in refusing to rest by *Paris's* side, becomes almost a parricide: her exit would have been more effective had she been carried off by an ague—say a Mont-ague. Her fictitious death was so well planned that clerical contrivance admitted of no lay doubt as to her being laid out.

Romeo *should* have hoped till he oped the tomb, but, perhaps, it is now too late to suggest it. No one knew that *Juliet* was his wife, and wife it was so did he not send cards? He was inclined to promiscuousness in love affairs, and while agonizing in the cell about his new wife finds time to speak of "the white wonder of dear Juliet Sand."

Had the bride's father been less of a percussion Cap things would not have gone off as they did. As the play would be with a re-adjustment and the interpolation of these studies, there would be fitting occasion—to remark that

There never was a story written yet
So sweet as Romeo and his Ju-li-et.

JOHN ALBRO.

YE PHILOSOPHIC COOKE.

Cooke always, like Spartan bold,
Strikes for his fires, even in peace,
Ready at any hour to give
A shining blade to Grease.

A tender charm, a touch of art,
About his occupation clings;
The Prima Donna of the Range,
The kettle, for him, sings.

But even this cantatrice ere long
Monotonous, distasteful grows;
She always sings the self-same song,
And sings it through her nose.

There's something, too, of artist craft,
Though he unskilled in coloring be,
To brush and pencil all unused,
He still can draw—the tea.

The brave romance of knightly deeds
Nor fills nor thrills his musing mind;
Legends of Greece in eras past
His breast hath ne'er enshrined.

Leg ends and ears of modern Grease,
Alias pork, in souse compressed,
And hot with pepper, imaged lie
Beneath his rotund vest.

For him no garlands bright we wreath
Of odorous flowers or emerald sprays,
But leaves of fragrant sage, that breathe
Of balmy sausage days.

His coiffure gives him little care,
And little care he gives to it,
A paper cap adorns his hair,
His hares adorn the spit.

Exotics rare he prizeth not—
The fair white flower he most affects
Beareth this legend: "Family Flour,
Best Brand, Quadruple X."

Of love ye philosophic cooke
Doth little reck or understand,
His wring is on the chicken's neck,
And not fair ladye's hand.

Yet he hath oft a tender heart,
'Tis one the butcher hath supplied—
'Tis seasoned well in every part,
With onions stuffed and fried.

SOME PRIVATE AMUSEMENTS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

MR. SAMUEL JONES TILDEN will clothe himself in sackcloth and ashes, make a bonfire of the cipher despatches, and spend the day in preparing his boom for 1884.

Mr. James A. Garfield will make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the late Mr. Oakes Ames and swing a censer containing burning purifying pastiles.

General Winfield Scott Hancock will burn government powder in firing salutes in honor of his own nomination.

Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes and Mr. Rogers will tearfully embrace each other, suck a few extra loaded oranges and calculate the amount the President has saved out of his salary since he has been enjoying the comforts of the White House.

Mr. John Kelly will spend the day in gloating over the non-nomination of Mr. Tilden, and will prepare speeches claiming that what was a happy accident was done by John Kelly, all alone by himself.

Mr. Charles A. Dana will write a letter of condolence to Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, and continue his studies in the early life of Garfield.

Senator Conkling will take his hair out of curl, bathe his temples, and write a treatise on the true inwardness of shot guns.

Senator Blaine will read once more the famous Mulligan letters, and a tear or two will course down his manly cheek.

General Grant will smoke a few extra cigars, will drink more than his usual allowance of whiskey—very much more—in honor of the 4th July, of course, and, like Alexander the Great, sigh that there are no more conventions to conquer for the next four years.

Puck will fan himself and take off his coat to keep cool, and enjoy the gentle reverie of the happy, contented and virtuous.

THE THEATRES.

Mr. Wilhelmj and his violin are still flourishing at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, side by side with Rudolf Bial's grand orchestra.

The new MADISON SQUARE THEATRE and "Hazel Kirke" are now six months old. We have pretty well exhausted our vocabulary in describing the house, the play and the acting. The first is handsome, the second is gloomy, and the third is good.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE and HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, in this city, do not regard the heat of summer. Seasons may come and seasons may go, but they go on for ever. "Our Goblins, or Fun on the Rhine," by Mr. W. Gill, is the attraction in New York, and it is a very amusing musical entertainment. "Carrick a Rede, or the Rock in the Road," a new and, of course, original romantic Irish drama, is being performed at the Brooklyn house. The Mastodon Minstrels make their appearance here next Monday.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Take her to Coney Island for the 4th.

DEUTERONOMY.—No, sir, we aren't criticising at large for the rising generation of literary aspirants, Young men don't learn to write by being mollycoddled. There is only one form of criticism—acceptance or rejection. You can learn soon enough whether your work is good or bad; and you must find out for yourself how to make it better, if it is not up to the mark.

M. O'REILLY JARVIS.—You weren't born to blush unseen, by a long chalk, were you? We can't publish your poem—not all of it—it is too crushing altogether; but we can publish your epistles, for they act as a pleasant refrigerant in this weather.

No. 1.—

HAMILTON, Ont., June 6th, 1880.

To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

I enclose you a peice of poetry for insertion in PUCK. If you could reserve a space for me I will write something for the paper every week.

I do not intend to charge you much for the first few times I think \$10.00 sufficient for this, but afterwards I think \$25.00 or \$30.00 would be the price I would charge for my peices.

Yours,

M. O'REILLY JARVIS.

No. 2.—

HAMILTON, June 17th, 1880.

To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

I see that you did not print the poem I wrote for you in your last weeks' issue.

Kindly publish same in your next issue and forward me check for amount asked for same.

Yours,

M. O'R. JARVIS.

We will not counteract the effect of those two icy gems by giving a large specimen of your glowing verse; but the first stanza shall not go down into oblivion. It runs:

"Sweet it is to hear the name
Of her I love so dearly
While the gently-falling snow
Reminds me of my loved-one so
And of her teeth so pearly."

It is but our duty to congratulate you upon that rhyme—"dearly" and "pearly." Yet even that is eclipsed by your triumph in the last stanza—"darling" and "marring." If the rest of your "peice" were only up to this standard of eccentricity, we should be happy to publish it; but, as it is, space is too precious.

The Crown Tooth Brushes clean and polish the teeth. Bristles warranted not to come out.

A. D. T.

THE American District Telegraph Company has become almost a necessity of our metropolitan life. It undertook, a few years ago, to supply us with a cheap and trustworthy special-messenger system. It kept its promise. Within a short time after its organization, it placed at the service of the man who wanted a small commission executed a bright and well-trained lad, ready to carry a parcel or a letter for a trifling fee, who was respectably uniformed, and who knew well the city and the city's ways.

This blessing was fully appreciated. The people took to it like lambs to milk. They had their houses connected with the D. T. stations by special wires, and they used the convenient little messengers for every possible purpose, from the portage of the homely market-basket to the conveyance of a dueling challenge. The system got to be a part of the city's civilization, like the gas and the Croton water.

And the Company grew rich.

And now a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream.

Mankind needs, as even Dr. Samuel Johnson found out, a deal of reminding. It is now our painful duty to remind the A. D. T. Co. that their service is not what it once was, nor what it should be.

We do this in no unkind spirit. This has been, in the past, a worthy corporation, and we wish that it should continue so. We are not afraid to praise it for its good work; and we shall not hesitate to blame it when it deserves blame.

The system seems to be gradually going to pieces. The messengers, instead of being bright, clean and quick, are dull, raw, incompetent boys.

They are slovenly in their uniforms, in their carriage and in their manners. Many of them do not even know how to get about the town.

The offices are under the charge of boys of the same class, under whose management the discipline is lax and the inattention to the orders of patrons often inexcusably gross.

Of course this is not the rule throughout the service; but these are the faults which are becoming painfully noticeable.

Such complaints come from every quarter; but we speak only from our own personal knowledge. We have occasion constantly to employ the messengers. Within a few months we have had some queer experiences. One boy, from the office at 14th St. and 3rd Avenue, did not know where the Cooper Union Building was. Many do not know the post-office in their own district. Several have shown the elements of great financial aptitude of the Crédit Mobilier style, in their handling of small change. Some are over-zealous: one followed a man from his house to his office, and carried a package to an address whereat its delivery was highly objectionable. Nearly all smell of cabbage, except a few who affect onions.

Instrument calls are often neglected. At the time of the last convention, subscribers rang for 45 minutes, while half-a-dozen boys sat in the 23rd St. office, waiting the orders, presumably, of politicians.

Written complaint brings a gentlemanly official to see you. He notes it all down, and does no more about it.

We have not the good English habit of grumbling. As a people, we put up with too many impositions. Sporadic remonstrants are treated as vicious cavers, and snubbed and silenced. Hence PUCK has to raise his reproachful voice, to prevent a blessing from degenerating into a nuisance; and the best corporation in New York from losing its hold on the regard and support of the people.



OFFICE OF 'PUCK' 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.—OVERTHROW AND RO



THE ROUT OF THE PHILISTINES, June 22, 1880.

MAYER, HERKEL & OTTMANN, LITHOS. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

ON THE CONEY ISLAND BOAT.



WHEN THE BAND PLAYS.



WHEN THE HAT GOES ROUND.

TILDEN'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE
OF THE SITUATION.

To the Democratic Party:

Last week I addressed to you a luminous State paper in which I stated most clearly and distinctly that nothing would induce me to accept the Presidency, unless I received the nomination for it.

My health would really not have permitted me to undertake the onerous duties of Chief Magistrate; although, at a very great personal sacrifice, if I had been nominated and afterwards elected, I think I might have managed to make myself comfortable in the White House.

It was always my ambition to be President of the United States, and that ambition has been gratified by my election four years ago. I didn't wish a second term, as it were—that is to say, unless it was almost forced on me, indeed, quite forced on me by my friends.

They did not force it very much—not nearly as much as I should have liked—although I kept vigorously declining until the last minute.

Even my last emphatic refusal to be a candidate when the balloting had commenced was actually taken in earnest—and on the last ballot there was but one solitary vote cast for me.

I managed badly. I thought it a wise policy to adopt the average young woman's method of refusing an offer of marriage. I said "No!" and kept on saying "No!"—meaning "Yes" all the time.

I fear those delegates terribly misunderstood me. I shall know better the next time, and will never lose a chance of accepting every day—aye, two or three times a day if necessary.

That disgusting man John Kelly, with his disreputable Tammany following, is at the bottom of it all.

He and his myrmidons insisted upon believing everything I said—and the result is that a mere military man, a sort of Democratic General Grant, obtained the nomination, and I did not.

Ah! this is a thankless world—and after all I have done for the party, too.

Is it for this that I have wrecked railroads, left my income taxes unpaid and concocted cipher despatches?

Is it for this that I have for the last four years constantly harped on the unfortunate decision of the eight-to-seven Electoral Commission?

Is it for this that I succeeded in making the *Sun* a Tilden organ?

And is it for this that I have been distributing broadcast the contents of my bar'l as if they were corn thrown to chickens?

I must now manage to exist on the usufruct of all these things. It is hard, but it is harder still to be constantly caricatured and made fun of by the comic papers.

I don't deserve it. I am a good man, and if I had only managed to get in the White House, I feel convinced I should have been the greatest statesman that ever lived.

But your delegates ought to have nominated me at Cincinnati. If they hadn't enough money, why did they not tell me so?

I am sure I have never spared expense for anything—except occasionally in taxes—and I never thought that would be found out.

No! I can't forgive you—the country, history and the world at large may, but I cannot. You have rendered the remainder of my life wretched, for even the fraud of 1876 is almost forgotten. How could you do it!

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

Gramercy Park,
June 24th, 1880.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Myrtle Lawn" is an American novel by Robert E. Ballard, of North Carolina, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It is an interesting story of love and ambition, well told. The action covers a pretty extensive area of territory ranging from Mexico to Massachusetts.

The *North American Review* for July contains a number of thoughtful articles by eminent writers, including "Prince Bismarck," by Moritz Busch; "Canada and the United States," by Goldwin Smith; "The English House of Lords," by J. E. Thorold Rogers, and "The Panama Canal," by the irrepressible Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Mr. Townsend Percy, editor of Appleton's Dictionary of New York, has compiled an exceedingly useful little book, entitled: "Percy's Pocket Dictionary of Coney Island. The visitor to this resort need no longer be in doubt as to what to do, and where to go. The information is most complete and minute, even going so far as to tell the visitor what to eat, and how to find the North Star. The price is 10 cents, and the publisher is F. Leyboldt.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

It is our old friend Mr. Wenman again. Would that we might leave him in seclusion, happy among congenial associates in Pearl Street.

But duty, stern duty, compels us to drag him forth to make accounting of his stewardship.

As a public official, Mr. Wenman is not getting along as well as we could desire. He holds an important position; but he does not seem to appreciate the responsibility he has taken upon his shoulders in accepting such a place.

Mr. Wenman stands at the head of the Department of Public Parks. He has several associates, but his is the master-spirit. It is true, Mr. Green, once Comptroller, is a member of the board, and he certainly is not an element of harmony anywhere. But Mr. Green is very much in a minority, which is his usual position; and Mr. Wenman wields the balance of power.

Therefore it is that we always talk to Mr. Wenman when anything in his department goes so particularly wrong that it can no longer be overlooked. Something is wrong at all times; the City's Parks are now, and have been for years, in a disgraceful condition. Central Park is falling into decay. While Mr. Olmsted was there, though he could not keep it trim, he at least preserved what good things had been done in days gone by. Now that he is gone, we live in dread of outrageous innovations on the symmetry and beauty of the original plan—atrocities like the indescribable figure which Mr. Stebbins, when he held the reins and purse-strings of power, commissioned his sister to execute for the large fountain.

But all this is an old story. It has been told and retold; and it seems to produce no effect. The parks are still fairly falling to pieces.

So we don't complain of all this. We mention it, in a perfunctory way, on the drop-of-water principle. The question which we have to ask Mr. Wenman now is both brief and new.

By what authority does he permit the occupation of the public parks by a newspaper that wishes to exhibit Convention bulletins?

We have nothing against our E. C. the *Herald*. It may have been a legitimate stroke of journalistic enterprise to capture the triangle at the junction of Sixth Avenue and Broadway for the exhibition of its big placards; but what right had the Department of Parks to allow it to do so?

Will the Department of Public Parks, through Mr. Wenman, kindly explain, and oblige a curious and indignant public?

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BROWN'S GINGER**
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WATERS**

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8,000,000.

CAUTION.
To insure obtaining the genuine
Apollinaris, see that the corks
bear the Apollinaris brand.

THE SUMMER TIME.
O the summer time to day
Makes my words
Jes' flip up and fly away
Like the birds!
'Tain't no use to try to sing,
With yer language on the wing,
Jes' too glad for anything
But to stray
Where it may
Thue the sunny summer weather of the day!

Lordy! what a summer time
Fer to sing;
But my words flop out o' rhyme,
And they wing
Furder yit beyent the view
Than the swaller ever flew,
'Er a mortal wanted to,
Less his eye
Struck the sky
Ez he kindo' sorto' thought he like to fly.

Ef I could sing—sweet and low—
And my tongue
Could twitter, don't you know,
Ez I sung
Of all the summer time, 'y Jings!
All the words, and birds and things
That kin warble and hes wings,
Would jes' swear
And declare
That they never heard such singin' anywhere!
—John C. Walker, in *Kokomo Tribune*.

If you want a nap, always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat, into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up or down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzes, and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station.

Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.—*Burlington Hawkeye's Traveling Rules*.

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MARTIN KEPLER.
MINA SCHALL.

"Dear Jim. Cum to the house too nite. The ole man is guine too the loge, and Mur, she has the roomatize so bad she kant here herself sneeze, be sure and bring sum Blackwell's *Fragrant Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco*, we are gwine to have fride inguns for supper too nite. Mind Jim, none genuine without the Bull on each package."

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations! BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.
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MR. EARLE is prepared to furnish a set of SINGLE, DOUBLE, TANDEM or FOUR-IN-HAND Harness, suitable for any style or weight of carriage. He will execute orders in three days, sending the Harness home, with Crests or Monograms, ready for use, and will guarantee satisfaction.

Saddles, Bridles, Horse Clothing, Driving Aprons of cloth to match lining of carriages, for gentlemen and coachmen, and Stable Furnishing Goods, Coachmen's Top Boots, Collars, Scarfs, and Liveries, all of the latest style and best material and workmanship, at much lower prices than are charged by City manufacturers for Interior.

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Ohio, California, Missouri, Delaware and Virginia
Wines; Genuine Port and Sherry Wines;
AS WELL AS THE
BEST BRANDS OF COGNAC & CHAMPAGNES.

THE London *Saturday Review* says that Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is gibberish, and quotes and comments:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Even if one can conceive of life as a 'solemn main,' bordered by 'sands of time,' how can the mariners on the main leave their footprints on the sands? And what possible comfort can footprints on the sands be to a shipwrecked brother who, despite his shipwreck, still keeps persistently sailing o'er life's solemn main? The brother must have had very sharp eyes if he could see footprints on the sands from his raft, for his ship is supposed to have been wrecked long ago. Perhaps Mr. Longfellow was thinking of the footstep which Robinson Crusoe found on the sand of his desert island. But Robinson was not sailing when he detected that isolated phenomenon; nor, when he saw it, did he 'take heart again.' * * * And the poet tells us 'in the bivouac of life' not to be 'dumb, driven cattle,' but to be a 'hero.' What an alternative, either to be cattle in the plural or a singular hero! And what business have cattle in a bivouac?"

We do not wish to suggest anything discourteous to the dignified *Saturday Review*, but we fear it does not clearly apprehend the drift of Mr. Longfellow's little poem. Especially does it misapprehend the drift of the shipwrecked mariner of the main; and in the main we must concede that it is almost as badly at sea as the forlorn brother before he saw the footprints in the sands. We should allow something, doubtless, to the English writer's distance from the scene of the poem—the sea in which the forlorn brother is wrecked—and to his apparent lack of familiarity with matters of navigation and shipwreck, as well as with the customs of the country. Had Mr. Longfellow supposed his Psalm would ever attract the attention of English and other foreigners, and that it would be regarded by them as of the narrative or epic order, he would undoubtedly have printed it with full explanatory notes for their benefit, as in the case of "Hiawatha." In the absence of these, we know he will thank us if we explain to the *Saturday Review* that it has generally been understood on this side of the water that the mariners on the main left their footprints on the sands, not while they were at sea, as the English critic erroneously supposes, but while temporarily ashore on leave of absence, or hunting clams upon the banks and shoals of time; and that the forlorn brother happened to see the footprints in the sands because he was shipwrecked, as the poem states, and blown ashore, and that he took heart again because it seemed good to him to touch dry land once more. In the matter of plural cattle and singular heroes, we doubt whether the dreadful alternative suggested by the *Review* would be any less dreadful if one were compelled to choose between being a cattle and a hero, as the *Review* evidently thinks would be the case; and its subsequent question about bivouacs, and what business cattle have there, tends to discredit anything it might say about cattle anyhow. There is an ex-soldier or a "cow-boy" in this country who doesn't know why the cattle were there: they were "driven" there, as the poem states, in order, of course, to have them handy for breakfast the next morning. The criticism, as a whole, reveals the true British insight into American affairs and American literature, and is worthy of the powerful and influential British journal which is serene in the belief that Carl Schurz is a member of the "American Senate," that Kallloch is the Governor of California, and that Walt Whitman is the only great poet this country has yet produced.—*Chicago Dial*.

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Peculiarly adapted to females and the best child's medicine known

HOTEL BRIGHTON,

Coney Island,

J. H. BRESLIN,
NOW OPEN.

THE society lady never sheds tears. She knows enough to keep her powder dry.—*Boston Transcript*.

TWO Bridgeport children playing with a cat pulled it so violently by the legs as to kill it. It must have been a very cheap cat.—*Danbury News*.

A TRAVELER was badly hurt in a railroad accident—two ribs broken, and other injuries. He went to the office of the company to complain. "What!" cried the office clerk, "you want to make a row about so small a matter? Not a month ago twelve of our passengers were killed, and we didn't even hear a word of complaint from any of them!"—*Boston Post*.

MANY persons who rake through another's character with a fine-tooth comb, to discover a fault, could find one with less trouble by going over their own character with a horse-rake.—*Whitehall Times*.

A MAN, his wife and daughter, went into a lawyer's office recently to arrange for a mutual separation. The man had some education, but the woman was evidently illiterate. The lawyer asked what the difficulty between them was. The man replied, "Incompatibility of temper." The wife and daughter fell back in their chairs, threw up their hands and exclaimed, "Good heavens! only hear him!"—*Rochester Express*.

A RELIGIOUS newspaper prints an article headed: "How to get and keep boys in the Sunday School." The surest way to get and keep them would probably be to have a Christmas tree every two weeks the year round.—*Rome Sentinel*.

ONE hour after an "old master" had painted the name of a patent medicine on a big rock, a cow came along, licked it off, and died before sundown. When the simple name of a medicine kills a cow, human beings want to beware of the stuff itself. A cow was never killed by licking the name of a patent medicine in a newspaper, and no other kind can be recommended.—*Norristown Herald*.

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London, January 4th, 1879.
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"My Aunt writes me they are the greatest blessing to her, as in all cases they relieve her at once. My hair is growing rapidly, the bald place being quite covered. I do think you ought to make these things known, for the benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public.
Yours truly, J. JEWETT."

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"I have never known them to fail in curing a bad headache. They are an excellent remedy for Scurf or Dandruff, with which I was troubled, but am now cured.
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75 PIECES BLACK SATIN,

56c. PER YARD. BARGAINS.

COLORS IN SATIN AT 35c., 45c., 55c. up.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 311½ Grand St.,

56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68 and 70 ALLEN STREET.

peared, horse and all, into an old eighty-foot well on the other side. Taking the leap side by side with the Duchess, Diffey let out the last link in Tidy Tim, forged to the lead, jumped his horse clear over the pack and laid himself alongside of Puss with a few more strides.

"As he did this they had gained the open and were distinctly visible to the greater part of the distanced riders, who had halted on the summit of Muckmuckington's Mole, two miles off. Suddenly throwing himself sideways as he gained the fugitive, Diffey reached down and scooped up the fox by the back of the neck! He then took off his hat and gravely offered the struggling captive to the electrified Duchess, who by this time had come up, and who burst into tears of admiration on the spot. Need I hint the sequel? In less than a week that 'extraordinary American' was married to the completely fascinated huntress by the Very Rev. I. Murchinson-Codwellin Bobberson Brown, at St. Cymbeline-of-Cyprus, Gabington-in-the-Fields, Hanway-on-the-Skids, Slapham, Kent."—*San Francisco Post*.

GARFIELD, when at college, wrote poetry, and this fact seems to have escaped the eyes of the Democratic editors.—*Oil City Derrick*.

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MOSEL.....Saturday, July 3d.

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BOTHNIA.....Wednesday, July 7th, 3 P. M.

ALGERIA.....Wednesday, July 14th, 9 30 A. M.

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And every following Wednesday.

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Steamer SYLVAN GROVE, from foot of Twenty-third street, E. R., at 8.45, 9.45, 10.45 and half-hourly to 8.45 P. M. Returning, leave Manhattan Beach at 7.35, 10, 11.05 A. M., 12.05, 12.30 and every half-hour to 10.35 P. M.

VIA BAY RIDGE.

Steamers THOS COLVER and MATTEAWAN from 22d st., N. R., at 9.10, 10.25 A. M. and hourly to 8.25 P. M.

Leaving LEROY STREET ten minutes and PIER No. 6 thirty minutes after leaving 22d st. The boats leaving 22d st. at 7.25 and 8.25 P. M. do not stop at Leroy st. and Pier 6.

The steamer D. R. MARTIN leaves foot of Whitehall street at 9.25 A. M. hourly to 8.25 P. M. Trains from Manhattan Beach connecting with D. R. Martin for Whitehall street leave hourly from 8.20 A. M. to 12.20 P. M., 1.25 to 6.25 P. M., 7.20 to 9.20 P. M. and 10.40 P. M. Trains connecting with steamers for pier 6, Leroy st. and 22d st. leave every hour from 11 A. M. to 9.55 P. M. GILMORE'S FULL BAND and LEVY every afternoon and evening.

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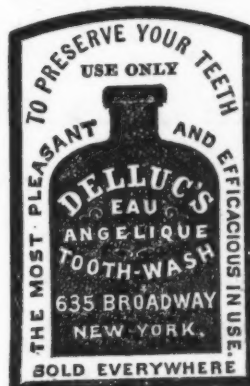
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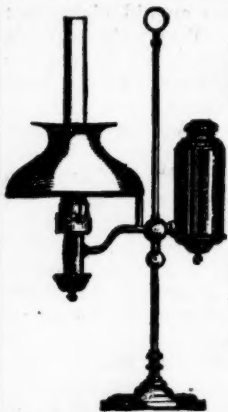
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Dyspepsia's tortured victim,
Why cross the ocean tide
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When at your bedside, science
Presents the self-same draught,
Ebullient as the Seltzer
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In TARRANT'S COOL APERIENT,
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That God, the Great Physician,
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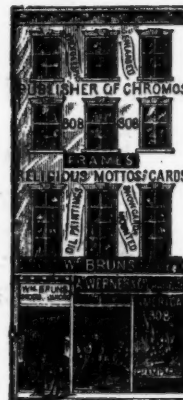
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A CELT who was induced, after much persuasion, to try some canned meat, brought it back, showing the marks of his teeth on the tin, and indignantly denying that it was good to eat.—*Boston Courier*.

THERE was a time when a neatly-colored lithograph with a small gilt frame was considered very pretty, but the present generation sighs for a pond lily painted on a shingle.—*New Haven Register*.

"WELL, Jim," said one comp. to another, "what did you win in the Louisiana Lottery?" "Never had such luck; came within seven hundred and fifty of ten dollars." He did not show up next day, but some men cannot stand prosperity.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"I SHALL come out of this scrape all right," said Jimmy Tuffboy, "if I can contrive to get a committee meeting of dad and ma'am, and work through a whitewashing report. But if dad investigates alone, it will be in chromatic colors," and he seemed to feel the red places beneath his jacket in advance.—*New Haven Register*.

MISS JERZVKIEWICZ, a new Swedish singer, lately made a very successful debut in Dresden.—*Ex*. It affords us much pleasure to hear it; but it is a pity about her name. It was evidently smashed up and crushed to pieces in a railroad collision, and the surgeon got it mixed up in sewing it together. We should like to hear the man, who tarries long at the wine, and returns home at midnight, attempt to tell his wife that he was down at the opera house to hear Miss Jerzvkiewicz sing.—*Norristown Herald*.

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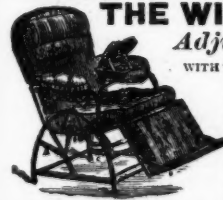


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The HUB PUNCH is good at all times,
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PERFECTION OF PUNCHES;
purer, more delicious, healthful and invigorating
than any other article or mixed drink that has ever
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Hub Punch.—The season of Picnics and Excursions is at hand, and Messrs. C. H. GRAVES & SONS, 35 Hawkins St., Boston, Mass., have provided in their "Hub Punch" an accompaniment for such occasions which becomes indispensable whenever its merits are known. The finest materials are used, and they are compounded with such skill that the result is a most delicious beverage, and still its handiness is its greatest recommendation. All trouble is saved, the punch is ready for use on opening, and, with ice, in summer it leaves nothing to be desired. Leading houses, like those named in the advertisement, are now handling it, and the sale steadily increases.—*The Spirit of the Times*, New York, May 29, 1890.



"The Hub Punch"—Punch and the holidays are the most intimate friends, going together as naturally as man and wife. But it is a great trouble to make punch, and many people who like the beverage lack the savoir faire to brew it.

This is a beverage, originally prepared by an adept for his friends for a Fourth-of-July entertainment, but now given to the world as a standard article.

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"The Hub Punch" is prepared solely by Messrs. C. H. GRAVES & SONS, No. 35 Hawkins Street, Boston. It is made of the best of brandy and rum, of the juice of fresh lemons, and the finest white sugar blended by a deft hand, and is really a delicious, a pure and a reliable article, that has met with the most cordial appreciation of all who have tried it, and which we heartily recommend to all who have not. It is put up in bottles, and is quite as palatable in Winter with hot water as it is in Summer with cold. The manufacturers guarantee the purity

of the liquors of which it is made, as they are of their own importation. Every precaution has been taken against counterfeiting what must inevitably become one of the most popular preparations of punch among connoisseurs.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, January 10, 1890.

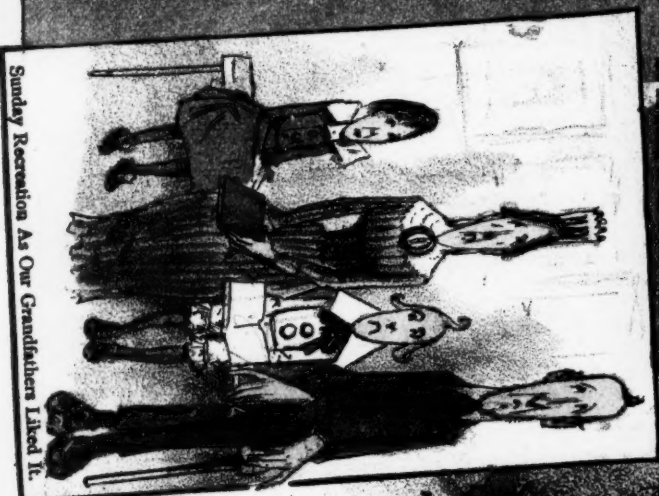
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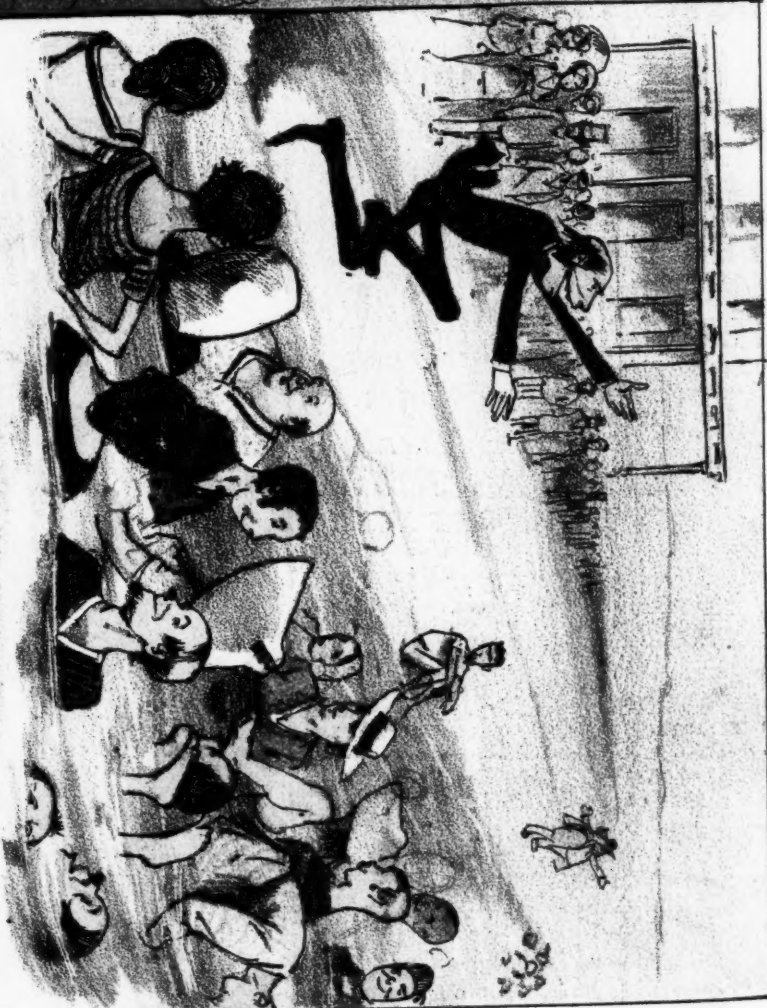
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CHORUS OF EXCURSIONISTS—"No we ain't; we're going to Coney Island."



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The Sermon on the Sands.

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